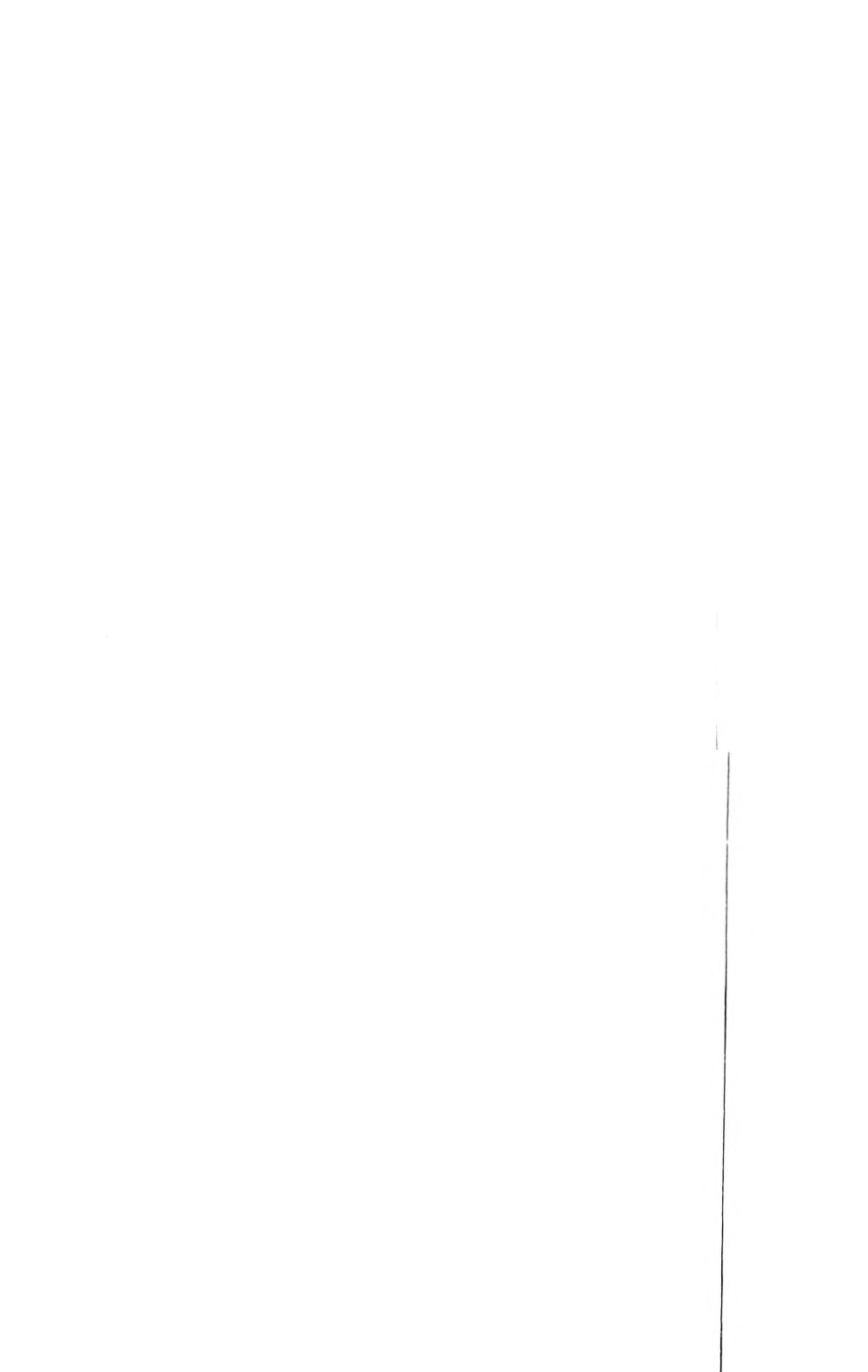


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BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

AUTHOR OF "HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY," ETC.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS;  
306 CHESTNUT STREET.

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WITH OTHER BALLADS.

By CHARLES G. LELAND.

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Afay in de ewigkeit."

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**Hans Breitmann**

**About Town.**

**And Other New Ballads.**

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

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Second Series of the Breitmann Ballads.

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## Breitmann about Town.

---

**D**ER Schwackenhammer coom to down,  
Pefore de Fall vas past,  
Und by der Breitmann drawed he in  
Ash dreimals honored gast.  
Led's see de sighdts! In self' und worldt,—  
Dere's "sighdts" for him, to see,  
Who Selbstanschauungsvermoegeen hat,  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Opera Haus,  
Und dere dey vound em blayin'.  
Of Offenbach, (der *open brook*,)  
His show spiel Belle Heléne.  
"Dere's Offenbach,—Sebastian Bach,—  
Mit Kaulbach,—dat makes dree :  
I always likes soosh *brooks* ash dese."  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,  
Which Mishder Astor bilt :  
Some pooks vere only *en brochure*,  
Und some vere pound und gilt.  
"Dat makes de gold—dat makes de *sinn*,  
Mit pooks, ash men, ve see,  
De pest tressed vellers gilt de most :"—  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see an edider,  
 Who'd shanged his flag und doon,  
 Und crowed oopon der oder side,  
 Dat very afdernoon.  
 "De anciends vorshipped wetter-cocks,  
 To wetter *fanés* pent de knee;  
 Pow down, mein Schwackenhammer, pow!"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented py a panker's hause,  
 Und Schwackenhammer shvore,  
 Id only vant a pig *red shield*  
 Hoong oop pefore de toor;  
 One side of red, one side of gold,  
 Like de knighd's in hisdorie—  
 "De schildern of dat schild is rich,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent oonto a bicture sale,  
 Of frames wort' many a cent,  
 De broberdy of a shendleman,  
 Who oonto Europe vent.  
 "Dont gry—he'll soon pe pack again  
 Mit anoder gallerie:  
 He sells dem oud dwelf dimes a year,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to dis berson's house,  
 To see his furnidure,  
 Sold oud at anedion rite afay.  
 Berembdory und sure.  
 "He geeps six houses all at vonce  
 Each veek a sale dere pe,  
 Gotts ! vat a dime his vife moost hafe !"—  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to vind a goot cigar,  
 Long dimes dey roamed apout,  
 Von veller had a pran new sort.  
 De fery latest out.  
 "Mein freund—I dirks you errs yourself  
 De shmell ish oldt to me ;  
 De *Infamias Stinkadores* brand,"—  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de *virst* hotel,  
 De prandy make dem creep,  
 A trop of id's enough to make  
 A brazen monkey veep.  
 "Dey say a viner house ash dis,  
 Vill soon ge-bildet pe,  
 Crate Gott !—vot *can* dey mean to trink ?"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented droo de Irish shtreeds,  
 Dey saw vrom haus to haus,  
 Und gountet oop, 'pout more or less,  
 Vive hoondred awful rows.  
 "If all dese liddle vights dey waste,  
 Could *von* crate pattle pe,  
 Gotts! how de Fenian funds vouldt rise!"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see de Ridualisds,  
 Who vorship Gott mitt vlowers,  
 In hobes he'll lofe dem pack again,  
 In winter among de showers.  
 "Vhen de Pacific railroat's done  
 Dis dings imbroyed vill pe,  
 De joss-sticks vill pe santal vood,"—  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to hear a breecher of  
 De last sensadion shtyle,  
 'Twas 'nough to make der tyfel weep  
 To see his "awful shmile."  
 "Vot bities dat der Fechter ne'er  
 Vas in Theologie.  
 Dey'd make him pishop in dis shoorsch,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent into a shpordin' crib,  
 De rowdies eloostered dick.  
 Dey ashk him dell dem vot o'glock.  
 Und dat infernal quick.  
 Der Breitmann draw'd his 'volver oud,  
 Ash gool ash gool couldt pe,  
 "Id's shoost a goin' to shdrike six,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent polid'gal meedins next,  
 Dey hear dem rant and rail,  
 Der bresident vas a forger.  
 Shoost bardoned oud of jail.  
 He does it oud of cratitood,  
 To dem who set him vree :  
 "Id's Harmonie of Inderesds,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to a clairfoyard witch,  
 A plack-eyed handsome maid,  
 She wahrsagt all der vortunes—denn  
 "Fife dollars, gents!" she said.  
 "Dese vitches are nod of dis cart',  
 Und yed are *on id*, I see  
 Der Shakesbeare knew de preed right vell,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to a restaurand,  
 Der vaiter coot a dash ;  
 He garfed a shicken in a vink,  
 Und serfed id at a vlash.  
 “Dat shap knows vell shoost how to coot,  
 Und roon mit poulteric,  
 He vas copitain oonder Turchin vonce,”  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Voman's Righds,  
 Vere laties all agrees,  
 De gals should pe de voters,  
 Und deir beaux all de votées.  
 “For cfery man dat nefer vorks,  
 Von frau should vranchised pe :  
 Dat ish de vay I solf' dis ding,”  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented oop, dey vented down,  
 'Tvas like a roarin' rifer,  
 De sighds vas here—de sighds vas dere—  
 Und de vorldt vent on forefer.  
 “De more ve trinks, de more ve sees,  
 Dis vorldt a derwisch pe ;  
 Das Werden's all von whirling droonk,”  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

# Schnitzerl's Philosopede.

## PARDT SECONDT.

**V**EN Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl  
Was quardered into dwo,  
Und how his crate philosopede  
To 'm teufel had gone flew;  
He dinked and dinked so heafy  
As only Deuschers can,  
Denn saidt, " Who mightdt beliefet  
Dis ish de ent of man?

" De human souls of beoples  
Exisdt in deir ideés,  
Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl  
Mightdt dravel many vays,  
In his *Bestimmung des Menschen*  
Der Fichte makes peliefe  
Dat ve brogress oon-endly  
In vot pehind we leafe.

" De shbarrow falls ground-downwarts.  
Or drafels to de West;  
De shbarrows dat coom afder  
Bild shoost de same oldt nest.  
Man hat not vings or fedders,  
Und in oder dings, 'tis saidt,

He tont coom oop to shbarrows ;  
 Boot on nests he goes ahet.

.. O vliest dou troo bornin vorldts  
 Und nebulozer foam,  
 By monsdrouns mitnight shiant forms  
 Or vhere red tyfels roam,  
 Or vhere de ghosts of shky rackets  
 Peyond creadion flee ?  
 Vhere'er dou art, oh Schnitzerlein !  
 Crate saint ! look down on me !

.. Und deach me how you maket  
 Dat crate philosopede.  
 Vitch roon dwice six mals vaster  
 Ash any Arap shteed,  
 Und deach me how to 'stonish folk  
 Und knock dem out de shpots.  
 Come pack to eart, O Schnitzerlein,  
 Und pring it down to dots !"

Shoost ash dis vort vent outvarts  
 Hans dinked he see a vlash,  
 Und unterwards de dable  
 He doomple mit a crash,  
 Und to him, moong de glaesses,  
 Und pottles ash vas proke,  
 Mit his het in a cigar box,  
 An foice from Himmel shpoke :



"*Adsum Domine Breitmann!*

Herr Capitain—here I pe!

So dell me right *honesté*

*Quare inquietasti me?*

*Te video inter spoonibus.*

*Et largis glassis too,*

*Cerevisia repletis,*

*Sicut percussus tonitru."*

Denn Breitmann answer Schnitzerl:

"*Coarctor nimis*—See!

*Siquidem Philistiim*

*Pugnant adversum me.*

*Ergo vocavi te,*

Ash Saul *vocavit* Sam-

uel, *ut mi ostenderes*

*Quid teufel faciam?"*

Denn der shpirit, in Lateinisch

Saidt "*Benc*—dat's de dalk!

*Non habes in hoc shanty*

A shingle *et* some chalk?

*Non video inkum et calamos:*

(I shbose some hummer shdole 'em):

*Levate oculos tuos, son*

*Et aspice ad lintecolum."*

Den Breitmann see de chalk-piece

Vitch riset from de floor,

Und signet a philosopede

Alone oopon de toor,

De von dat Schnitzerl fabricate,

Und onderneat he see :

*Probate inter equites :*

“Try dis in de cavallrie.”

Den Breitmann shtoot ooprighly

Und leanet on a bost, [peen

Und saidt ; “ If dis couldt, shouldt hafe

It vouldt mighdt peen a chost !

Boot if it pe nouomenon,

Phenomenoned indeed,

Or de soobyective obyectified,

I’fe cot de philosopede.”

Denn out he seekt a plack schmidt

Ash vork in iron shteel ;

To make him à philosopede

Mit shoost an only vheel.

De dings vas maket simple,

Ash all crate ideés should pe ;

For ’twas noding boot a gart vheel

Mit a two veet achsel-dree.

De dimes der Breitmann doomple  
     In learnin for to ride,  
 Vas ofdener ash de sand grains  
     Dat rollen in de tide.  
 De dimes he cot oopsetted  
     In shdeerin lefdt und righdt,  
 Vas ofdener as de cleamin shdars  
     Dat shtud de shky py nighdt.

Boot de vorstest of de veadures  
     In dis von vheel horse, you bet,  
 Ish dat man couldt go so nicely  
     Pefore he got oopset,  
 Some dimes he go like plazes  
     Und toorn her, extra-fein,  
 Und denn shlop ofer—dis is vhat  
     Hafe kill der Schnitzerlein.

Soosh droples as der Breitmann hafe  
     To make dis 'vention go,  
 Vas nefer seen py mordal man  
     Oopon dis vorltd pelew.  
 He doompled righdt, he doompled lefdt,  
     He hafe a tousand toomps,  
 Dere nefer vas a cricket-ball  
     Vot got soosh 'fernal boomps.

Boot ash he shvear't he'd do it,  
 He shvore id should pe done,  
 Dough he schimpft und fluchte laesterlich,  
 He visht he'd ne'er pegun.  
 Mit *Hagel!* *Blitz!* *Kreuzsakrament!*  
 He maket de houser ring,  
 Und hoped de Schnitzerl pe verdammt  
 For deachin him dis ding.

Nun—goot! Ad last he got it.  
 Und peaudifool he goed,  
 Dis day, saidt he, “ I'll stonish folk  
 A ridin on de road ;  
 Dis day py shinks I'll do it !  
 Und knock dings out of sight ! ”  
 Ach weh ! for Breitmann dat day  
 Vas not pe-markt mit vhte.

De noompers of' de Deutsche folk  
 Dat coom dis feat to see,  
 I dink in soper earnest-hood,  
 Might not ge-reekonet pe.  
 For miles dey shtood along de road,  
 Mein Gott ! but dey vas dry ;  
 Dey trinked den lager-beer shops oop,  
 Pefore der Hans coom py.

When all at vonce drementous gries  
 De fery country shook ;  
 Und beoples shkreamt : “ *Da ist er ! Schau !*  
 Dere ish der Breitmann !—Look !”  
 Mein Gott ! vas efer soosh a shoudt ?  
 Vas efer soosh a gry ?  
 Ven like a brick-bat in a vight,  
 Der Breitemann roosh py.

O mordal man ! Vy ish id, dow  
 Hast passion to go vast ?  
 Vy ish id dat de tog und horse  
 Likes shbeed too quick to last ?  
 De pugs, de pirds, de pumple-pees,  
 Und all dat ish, 'twould seem,  
 Ish nefer hoppy boot, exept  
 When pilin on de shteam.

Der Breitmann flew ! Von mighdy gry,  
 Ash he vent scootin bast,  
 Von derriple, drementous yell—  
 Dat day de virst—and last.  
 Vot ha ! vot ho ! Vy ish id dus ?  
 Vot makes dem shdare aghast ?  
 Vy cooms dat vail of wild tespair ?  
 Ish somedings got gesmasht ?

Yea—efen so. Yea, ferily—  
 Shbeak, soul ! It is dy biz !  
 Der Breitmann shkeet so vast along,  
 Dey fairly heard him whizz.  
 Ven shoost oopon a hill-top point  
 It caught a pranch ge-pent,  
 Und like an opple vrom a svitch,  
 Afay Hans Breitmann vent.

Vent troo de air a hoondert feet,  
 (Allowin more or less)—  
 Denn *pobb—pobb—pobb*—a mile or dwo,  
 He rollet along—I guess.  
 Say—hast dou seen a gannon ball  
 Half shpent, shtill poundin on ;  
 Like made of gummi-lasticum ?  
 So vent der Breitemann.

Dey bick him up—dey pring him in—  
 No wort der Breitmann shpoke.  
 Der doktor look—he shvear erstaunt  
 Dat nodings ish peen proke !  
 He rollet de rocky road entlong,  
 He pouncet o'er shtock und shtone ?  
 You'd dink he'd knocked his outsides in,  
 Yet nefer preak a pone !

All shtill Hans lay—bevilderfied—  
 Nor seemet to mind de shaps,  
 Nor moofed, oontil der medicus  
 Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.  
 De schmell voke oop de boetry  
 Of tays ven he vas young,  
 Und he murmulde de frogmends  
 Of an sad romandie song :

“ As summer pring de roses,  
 Und roses pring de dew,  
 So Deutschland gifes de maidens  
 Vot fetch de bier to you.  
 Komm Maidlein ! Rothe Wænglein !  
 Mit a wein glass in your paw !  
 Ve'll ged troonk amoong de roses  
 Und lie soper on de shdraw !

“ As winter prings de ice-wind,  
 Dat plow o'er burg und hill,  
 Hard times pring in de lantlord,  
 Und de lantlord pring de bill.  
 Boot sing Maidlein ! Rothe Wængelein !  
 Mit wein glass in your paw !  
 Ve'll ged troonk amoong de roses  
 Und lie sober on de shdraw !”

Dey dook der Breitmann homewarts,  
 Boot efer on de vay,  
 He nefer shbeaket no man,  
 Und noding else could say :  
 Boot—"Maidlein—Rothe Wængelein !  
 Mit wein glass in her paw,  
 We'll ged troonk amoong de rosen  
 Und lie soper on de shdraw !"

Dey laid der Hans im Bette,  
 Peneat de eider-doun,  
 Und sempled all de doktors  
 Vot doktored in de town.  
 Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,  
 For Breitmann alfays says,  
 De Deutschers ish de onlies  
 Mit originell idées.

Dere vas Doktor Moritz Schlinskenschlog.  
 Dat vork ash caféopath,  
 Und der learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,  
 Dat use de milchey bath ;  
 Und Korschaltitschky aus Boehmen,  
 Vot eure mit slibovitz,  
 Und Wechselbalg from Berlin,  
 Who only 'tend to fits.



Dere vas Stroblich aus Westfalen  
 Who mofe all eart'ly ills  
 Mit concentrirter schinken juice,  
 Und Pumpernickel pills ;  
 Und a bier-kur man from Munich,  
 Und a grape-curist from Rhein,  
 Und von who shkare tisease afay  
 Mit dose of Schlesier wein.

So dey meed in consouldation  
 Mit Doktor Winkeleck,  
 Who brackdise "renovation"  
 Mit sauerkraut und speck.  
 Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet  
 Or treatet ash a tunce,  
 Dey 'greed to try deir systems  
 Oopon Breitmann all at vonce.

Dat ish, mit de excepdion,  
 Of gifin Schlesier wein ;  
 For de remedy vas danger-full  
 On von who trink from Rhine.  
 Ash der teufel once declaret  
 Ven he taste it on a shpree,  
 Dat a man to trink soosh liquor  
 Moost a born Silesian pe.

So de all vent los at Breitmann,  
 Und woonderfool to dell,  
 He coomed to his *gesundheit*,  
 Und pooty soon cot vell,  
 Some hinted at *Natura*  
 Mit de oldt *vis sanatrix*,  
 Boot each dokter shvore *he* cured him,  
 Und de rest were Taugenix.

I know not vot der Breitmann  
 More newly has pegun,  
 Boot dey say he dalks day-daily  
 Mit Dana of de *Sun*.  
 Dey dalk in Deutsch togeder,  
 Und volk say de ent vill pe  
 Philosopedal changes  
 In de Union cavallrie.

Gott help de howlin safage !  
 Gott help de Indi-an !  
 Shouldt Breitmann choin his forces  
 Mit Sheneral Sheridan.  
 Und denn to sing his braises  
 Acain I'll gife a lied—  
 Hier bat dis dale an ende  
 Of Breitmann's philosopede.

## A Ballad apout de Rowdies.

---

**D**E moon shines ofer de clouldens,  
Und de cloudts plow ofer de sea,  
Und I vent to Coney Island,  
Und I took mein Schatz mit me.  
Mine Schatz, Katrina Bauer,  
I gife her mein heart und vordt;  
Boot ve tidn't know vot beoples  
De Dampsschiff hafe cot on poard.

De preeze plowed cool und bleasant,  
We looket at de town  
Mit sonn-light on de shdeebles,  
Und wetter fanes doornin round.  
Ve sat on de deck in a gorner  
Und dropled nopody dere,  
Ven all aroundt oos de rowdies  
Peginned to plackguard und schvear !

A voman mit a papy  
Vas sittin in de blace;  
Von tocket a chew tobacco  
Und trowed it indo her vace.  
De voman got coonvulshons,  
De papy pegin to gry ;  
Und de rowdies shkreemed out a laffin,  
Und saidt dat de fun vas " high."

Pimepy ve become some hoonger  
 Katrina Baur und I,  
 I openet de lit of mine pasket,  
 Und pringed out a cherry bie.  
 A cherry kooken mit pretzels,  
 "How goot!" Katrina said,  
 Ven a rowdy snatched it from her,  
 Und preaked it ofer mine het.

I dells him he pe a plackguart  
 I gifed him a biece my mind,  
 I vouldt saidt it pefore a tousand,  
 Mit der teufel himself pehind.  
 Den he knocks me down mit a sloong-shot,  
 Und peats me plack and plue ;  
 Und all de plackguards kick me,  
 Dill I vainted, und dat ish drue.

De rich American beoples  
 Don't know how de rowdies shtrike  
 Der poor hardt-workin Sherman,  
 He knows it more ash he like.  
 If de Deutsche speakers und bapers  
 Are sometimes too hard on dis land,  
 Shoost dink how de Deutsch kit driven  
 Along by de rowdy's hand !

## Wein Geist.

---

**I** STOOMPLED oud ov a dafern,  
Berauscht mit a gallon of wein,  
Und I rooshed along de Strassen,  
Like a derriple Eberschwein.

Und like a lordly boar-big,  
I doompled de soper folk ;  
Und I trowed a shtone droo a shdreed lamp,  
Und bot' of de classes I proke.

Und a gal vent roonin' bast me.  
Like a vild coose on de vings,  
Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin,  
Und giss her like afery dings.

Und denn mit an board und a shdore-box.  
I blay de horse-viddle a biece,  
Dill de neighbours shkream "deat' !" und  
"murder !"  
Und holler aloudt "holice ?"

Und vhen der crim night wæchter  
Says all of dis foon moost shtop,  
I oop mit mein oombrella,  
Und schlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,  
 Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,  
 Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik,  
 Pring me roundt to my soul again.

Und I sits all oonder de linden,  
 De hearts-leaf linden dree ;  
 Und I dink of de quick ge-vanisht lofe  
 Dat vent like de vind from me.  
 Und I voonders in mine dipsy hood,  
 If a damsel or dream vas she !

Dis life ish all a lindens  
 Mit holes dat show de Plue ;  
 Und pedween de finite pranches,  
 Cooms Himmel light shinin troo.

De blaetter are rauslin' o'er me,  
 Und efery leaf ish a fay,  
 Und dey wait dill de Windsbraut comet,  
 To pear dem in Fall afay.

Und I look at a rock py de rifer,  
 Where a stein ish of harpe form,  
 —Year dausend in, oud, it shtandet—  
 Und nopody blays but de shtorm.

Here vonce on a dimes a vitches,  
 Soom melodies here peginned,  
 De harpe ward all zu steine,  
 Die melodie ward zu wind.

Und so mit dis tox-i-cation,  
 Vitch hardens de outer Me ;  
 Uber stein and schwein, de weine,  
 Shdill harps oud a melodie.

Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet,  
 Ober stein und wein und svines,  
 Dill it endet vhere all peginned,  
 Und alles wird ewig zu eins,  
 In de dipsy, treamless sloomper  
 Vhich units de Nichts und Seyns.

## Breitmann in Politics.

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### I.--The Nomination.

---

**V**HEN ash de var vas ober,  
Und Beace her shnow-wice vings,  
Vas vafin o'er de coondry  
(In shpods) like afery dings;  
Und heroes vere revardtet,  
De beople all pegan  
To say 'tvas shame dat nodings  
Vas done for Breitemann.

No man wised how id vas shtartet,  
Or where der fore shlog came,  
Boot dey shveared it vas a cinder,  
Dereto a purnin shame :  
“Dere is Schnitzerl in de Gustom-House—  
Pötzblitz ! can dis dings pe ?—  
Und Breitmann he hafe nodings :  
Vot sights is dis to see !

“Nod de virst ret cendt for Breitmann !  
Ish *dis* do pe de gry  
On de man dat sacked de repels  
Und trinked dem high und dry ?



By meine Seel' I shvears id,  
 Und vot's more I deglares id's drue,  
 He vonce gleaned out a down in half an oor,  
 Und shtripped id strumpf und shoe.

“ He was shoost like Kœnig Etzel,  
 Of whom de shdory dell,  
 Der Hun who go for de Romans  
 Und gife dem shinin hell,  
 Only dis dat dey say no grass wouldt crow  
 Where Etzel's horse had trot,  
 Und I really peliefe vere Breitmann go  
 De hops shpring oop, bei Gott !”

If once you tie a dog loose,  
 Dere ish more soon gets aoundt,  
 Und wenn dis vas shtartedt on Breitmann  
 It was rings aroom be-foundt ;  
 Dough *why* he *moost* hafe somedings  
 Vas not by no mean glear,  
 Nor tid id, like Paulus' confersion,  
 On de snap to all abbear !

Und, in faeddt, Balthazar Bumchen  
 Saidt he couldtent nicht blainly see  
 Vy a veller for gadderin riches  
 Shood dus revartedt pe :

Der Breitmann own drei Houser,  
 Mit a wein-handle in a stohr,  
 Dazu ein Lager-Wirthschaft,  
 Und sonst was—somedings more.

Dis plasted plackguard none-sense  
 Ve couldn't no means shtand,  
 From a narrow-mineted shvine's kopf,  
 Of our nople captain grand :  
 Soosh low, goarse, betty *bornirtheit*  
 A shentleman deplores ;  
 So ve called him *verfluchter Hundsfott*  
 Und shmysed him out of toors.

So ve all dissolfed dat Breitmann  
 Shouldt hafe a nomination  
 To go to de Legisladoor,  
 To make some dings off de nation ;  
 Mit de helb of a Connedigut man,  
 In whom ve hafe great hobes,  
 Who hat shange his boledies fivdeen dimes,  
 Und derefore knew de robes.

## II.—The Committee of Instruction.

**D**ENN for our Instructions Comedy  
De ding vas protocollirt,  
By Docktor Emsig Grubler,  
Who in Jena vonce studiret ;  
Und for Breitmann his instrugtions  
De Comedy tid say  
Dat de All out-going from de Ones  
Vash die first Moral Idée.

Und de segondt erate Moral Idée  
Dat into him ve rings,  
Vas dat government for avery man  
Moost alfays do avery dings ;  
Und die next Idée do vitch his mindt  
Esbeecially ve gall,  
Ish to do mitout a Bresident  
Und no government at all.

Und die fourt Idée ve vish der Hans  
Vouldt alfays keeb in flew,  
Ish to cooldifate die Peaudifool,  
Likewise de Goot and Drue ;  
Und de form of dis oopright-hood  
In proctise to present,  
He most get our little pills all bassed  
Mitout id's gostin a ecnt.

Und die fift' Idée—ash learnin  
 Ish de eratest ding on eart,  
 And ash Shoopider der Vater  
 To Minerfa gife ge-birt'—  
 Ve peg dat Breitmann oonto oos  
 All pooblic tockuments  
 Vich he can grap or shtcal vill sendt—  
 Franked—mit his compliments.

Die sechste crate Moral Idée—  
 Since id fery vell ish known  
 Dat mind ish de resooldt of food,  
 Ash der Moleschott has shown,  
 Und ash mind ish de highest form of Gott,  
 As in Fichte dot' abbear—  
 He moost alfays go mit de barty  
 Dat go for lager-bier.

Now ash all dese instrugdions  
 Vere showed to Misder Twine,  
 De Yankee boledician,  
 He say dey vere fery fine :  
 Dey vere pesser ash goot, und almosdt nice—  
 A tarnal tall concern ;—  
 Boot dey hafe some little trawpacks,  
 Und in fagdt weren't worth a dern.

Boot yed, mit our bermission,  
     If de shentlemans allow—  
 Here all der Shermans in de room  
     Dake off deir hats und pow—  
 He vouldt gife our honored gandidate  
     Some nodions of his own,  
 Hafing managed some eleedions  
     Mit sookcess, as vell vas known.

Let him plow id all his *own* vay,  
     He'd pet as sure as born,  
 Dat our mann vouldt not coom out of  
     Der liddle endt der horn,  
 Mit his goot *proud* Sherman shoulders—  
     Dis maket oos laugh, py shink !  
 So de comedy shitart for Breitmann's—  
     *Nota bene*—afder a trink !

### III.—Mr. Twine Explains Being “Sound Upon the Goose.”

**D**ERE in his crate corved oaken shstuhl  
Der Breitmann sot he :  
He lookt shoost like de shiant  
In de Kinder hishdorie ;  
Und pefore him, on de tische,  
Vas—where man alfays foundt it—  
Dwelf inches of goot lage.,  
Mit a Bœmisch glass aroundt it.

De foorst vordt dat der Breitmann spoke  
He maked no sbeech or sign :  
De next remark vas, “ *Zapf’et aus !* ”—  
De dird vas, “ *Schenket ein !* ”  
Vhen in coomed liddle Gottlieb  
Und Trina mit a shtoek  
Of allerbest Markgræfleser wein—  
Dazu dwelf glaeser Bock.

Denn Misder Twine deglare dat he  
Vas happy to denounce  
Dat as Copdain Breitmann suited oos  
Egsoekdly do an ounce,

He vas ged de nomination,  
 And need nod more eekshblain :  
 Der Breitmann dink in silence,  
 And denn roar aloudt, CHAMPAGNE !

Den Mishder Twine, while trinken wein,  
 Mitwhiles vent on do say,  
 Dat long insdruckdions in dis age  
 Vere nod de dime of tay ;  
 Und de only ding der Breitmann need  
 To pe of any use  
 Vas shoost to dell to afery mans  
 He's *soundt oopon der coose.*

Und ash dis little frase berhops  
 Vas nod do oos bekannt,  
 He dakes de liberdy do make  
 Dat ve shall oondershtand,  
 And vouldt tell a liddle shdory  
 Vitch dook blace pefore de wars :  
 Here der Breitmann nod to Trina,  
 Und she bass aroundt cigars.

“ Id ish a longe dime, now here,  
 In Bennisylvanien's Shtate,  
 All in der down of Horrisburg  
 Dere rosed a vierce depate,

'Tween vamilies mit cooses,  
 Und dose vhere none vere foundt—  
 If cooses might, by common law,  
 Go squanderin aroundt ?

“ Dose who vere nod pe-gifted  
 Mit gooses, und vere poor,  
 All shvear de law forbid dis crime,  
 Py shings and cerdain sure ;  
 But de coose-holders teklare a coose  
 Greadt liberty tid need.  
 And to pen dem cop vas gruel,  
 Und a mosdt oon-Christian teed.

“ Und denn anoder party  
 Idself tid soon refeal,  
 Of arisdograts who kepd no coose,  
 Pecause 'twas not shendeel :  
 Tey tid not vish de splodderin geese  
 Shouldt on deir pafemends bass,  
 So dey shoined de anti-coosers,  
 Or de oonder lower glass !”

Here Breitmann led his shdeam out :

“ Dis shdory goes to show  
 Dat in poledicks, ash lager,  
*Virtus in medio.*



De drecks ish ad de pottom—  
 De skoom floods high inteed ;  
 Boot das bier ish in de mittle,  
 Says an goot old Sherman lied.

“ Und shoost apout elegdion-dimes  
 De scoom und drecks, ve see,  
 Have a pully Wahl-verwandtschaft,  
 Or election-sympathie.”  
 “ Dis is very vine,” says Misder Twine,  
 “ Vot here you indroduce :  
 Mit your bermission, I'll grack on  
 Mit my shdory of de coose.

“ A gandertate for sheriff  
 De coose-beholders run,  
 Who shvear de coose de noblest dings  
 Vot valk peneat de sun ;  
 For de cooses safe de Capitol  
 In Rome long dimes ago.  
 Und Horrisburg need safin  
 Mighty pad, ash all do know.

“ Acainsd dis mighdy Goose-man  
 Anoder veller rose,  
 Who keepedt himself ungommon shtill  
 Ven oders came to plows ;

Und if any ask how 'twas he shtoodt,  
 His vriends wouldt vink so loose,  
 Und visper ash dey dapped deir nose :  
*' He's soundt oopen de coose !*

.. ' He's O. K. oopen de soobject ;  
 Shoost pet your pile on dat ;  
 On dis bartik'ler quesdion  
 He intends to coot it fat.'  
 So de veller cot elegded  
 Pefore de beople foundt  
 On *vitch* site of der coose it vas  
 He shtick so awful soundt.

" Dis shdory's all I hafe to dell,"  
 Says Misder Hiram Twine ;  
 " Und I advise Herr Breitmann  
 Shoost to vight id on dis line."  
 De volk who of dese boledics  
 Would oder shapters read,  
 Moost waiten for de segondt pardt  
 Of dis here Breitmann's Lied.

#### IV.—How Breitmann and Schmit were Reported to be Log-Rolling.

**I**n happenet in de yar of erace,  
Ven all dese dings pegan,  
Dat Mishder Schmit, de shap who rooned  
Acainsd der Breitemann,

Vas a man who look like Mishder Twine  
So moosh dat beoples say

Dey pliefe dey moost ge-brudert pe—  
Gott weiss in vot a vay !

Und id vas also moosh be-marked—

Vitch look shoost like a bruder—  
Dat ven Twine vas vork on any side

Der Schmit vas on de oder :

A fery gommon dodge ish dis

Mit de arisdocracie ;

So dat votefer cardt toorus oop,

Id's game for de familie !

Nun, goot ! Howefer dis mighdt pe,

'Tvas cerdain on dis hit

Der Twine vas do his teufelest

To euehre Mishder Schmit ;

Und Schmit, I criefe to say, exclaimed :

“ Goll darn me for a fool,

But I'll smash old Dutch to cholera fits

And rake the eternal pool !”

So dey cot some liddle ledders,  
 Ash brifate ash could pe,  
 Viteh Breitmann wried long agone  
 To friendts in Germany ;  
 Und dey brinted dem in efery vay  
 To make de beoples laugh,  
 Und comment on dem in de shtyle  
 Dat "sports" call "slasher-gaff."

Dere to—as vash known py shoodshment  
 Und glearly ascerdained,  
 Dat Breitmann hafe lossed money  
 Py a valse und schwindlin friend—  
 So dey roon it troo de newsbapers.  
 Und shbeeck do make pegan,  
 Dat *Breitmann* shtole de gelt himself  
 Und rop der oder man.

Boot de ding dat jam de hardest  
 On de men dat bull de vires,  
 Und showed dat Captain Breitmann  
 Shtood pedween dwo heafy vires,  
 Vas, pecause he vas a soldier—  
 Von could see id at a clanse—  
 Dey had pud him in a tisdright  
 Where he hadn't half a shanse.

For ash de pold solidaten  
 Ish more prafe ash oder mans,  
 Dey moost lead de hope verloren  
 Und pattle in de vans ;  
 Und ash defeat ish honoraple  
 To men in honor shtrict,  
 Dey honor dem py puttin em  
 Where dey're cerdain to pe licked.

Boot dis dimes it shlopped over,  
 Tvas de dird or secondt heat  
 Dat a soldier in dis tisdriht  
 Had been poot oop und beat :  
 So de Plue Goats dink it over  
 Und go quietly to vork :  
 De bow ven too moosh aufgespannt  
 V lies packward mit a yerck.

Now Mishder Twine deglaret on dis  
 De ding seemed doubtenfull,  
 Boot mitout delay he dook de horns  
 So poldly py de bull,  
 Und shpread de shdory eferyvhere,  
 Dill folk to pliefe pegan,  
 Dat Mishder Schmit had *sold de vight*  
 Unto der Breitemann !

He fix de liddle tedails—

How moosh der Schmit hafe got  
For sellin out his barty

To let Breitmann haul de pot ;  
Und he showed a brifate ledder  
From Breitemann to Schmit,  
Vhere he bromise him for Congress  
If he shoost let oop a bit.

Der Twine vas writet dis ledder ;  
For der Copitain Breitemann  
Vould nefer hafe shtood soosh hoompoogks  
Since virst his life pegan ;  
He hat tone some rough dings in der war,  
In de ploonder-und-morder line,  
Boot vas hooekelperry-persimmoned  
Mit dese boledies of Twine.

Howefer, dis ledder vorket foorst-rade—  
Mit de Merigans pest of all,  
For dey mostly dinked it de naturalest ding  
As efer couldt pefall ;  
For to sheat von's own gonstituents  
Ish de pest mofe in de came,  
Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman  
Hafe de sence to do de same

## V.—How they held the Mass Meeting.

---

**D**ERE's nodings in dis vorltd so pad,  
Ash all oov us may learn,  
Boot may shange from dark to lighthood,  
If loock should dake a doorn ;  
So it happenet mit Breitmann,  
Who in shpite of sin und Schmit,  
Gontrified ad shoost dis yoonecture  
Do make a glucky hit.

Dey hat sendet out some plackarts  
To de Deutsche buergers all  
(N. B.—Dish ish not mean *plackarts*,  
Boot de pills dey shtick on de vall),  
To say dat a Massenversammlung—  
Or a meeding of all de masses—  
Vould be held in de Arbeiter-Halle,  
To consisd of de Sharman classes.

Now dey gife de brintin of de pills  
To a new gekommene man,  
Who dinked dat Demokratisch  
Vas de same ash Repooblican :  
Gott in Himmel weiss where he hid himself  
On dish free Coloompian shore.  
Dat he scaped de naturalizationids,  
Und hadn't found out pefore.

Boot to dis Deutsche brinter,  
     De only tifference he  
 Petween Repooblicanish  
     Und Demokratish tid see,  
 Vas dat von vash dwo ledders longer ;  
     So he dook shoost vot seem pat  
 To make de poster handsome—  
     Likewise a liddle fat.

How ofden in dis buzzlin life  
     Small grubs grows oop to vings !  
 How ofden shoost from moostard seet  
     A virst-glass pusiness shprings !  
*Vant klein komt men tot't groote,*  
     Ash de Hollanders hafe said :  
 Mit dese dwo ledders Breitemann  
     Caved in der Schmitsy's head.



## VI.—Breitmann's Great Speech.

**D**IS tale dat Schmit hafe *setu de vight*  
Cot so much put apout  
Dat many of his beoples vere  
In fery tupious toubt ;  
'Pove all, dose who were on de make,  
And easy change deir lodge,  
Und, pein awfool smart demselves,  
Pelieve in every dodge.

Vhen de meeding vas gesempld.  
Und dey found no Schmit vas dere,  
Dey looket at von anoder  
Mit a *ganz* erstaunished air ;  
But dey *saw it* glear as taylight,  
Und around a vink dere ran.  
Ven pefore dem rose de shiant form  
Of Copitain Breitemann !

Den Breitemann vent los at dem :  
“ He could nichts well exbress  
De rapdure dat besqueezed his hearts—  
De wonnevol hoppiness—  
To meed in friendlich council  
And glasp de hand of dose  
Who had peen mit most oonreason  
Und unkindtly galled his foes.

" Berhaps o'er all dis shmilin eart'—  
 He vould say it dere and den—  
 Soosh shpeedagles couldt nod pe seen  
 Of soosh imbartial men,  
 So tefoid of pase sospieion,  
 So apove all betty drieks,  
 Ash to gome und liden vairly  
 To a voe in poledicks ;

" Dat ish to say, a so-galled voe—  
 For he feeled id in his soul  
 Dat de *brinciples* vitch mofed dem  
 Vere de same oopon de whole ;  
 But he lack a vord to exbress dem  
 In manners opportunes—"  
 Here a veller in de gallery  
 Gry oud, oonkindly, " Shpoons !"

Und dere der Breitmann goppled him :

" If *shpoons* our modifies pe,  
 Dere's not a man pefore oos  
 Who lossed a shpoon by me :  
 Far rader had I gife you all  
 A shpoons to eaten mit,  
*Und I hope to get a liddle for*  
*Mine friendt, der Mishder Schmit."*

Dis fetch das Haus like doonder—  
 It raised der teufel's dust,  
 Und for sefen-lefen minudes  
 Dey ooplaudded on a bust ;  
 Und de blokes dat dinked of hedgin  
 Saw a ring as round as O ;  
 So dey boked cash oder in de rips,  
 Und said, " I dold you so ! "

For dis d'lusion to de ladle  
 Vas as glear ash eity milk,  
 Und drawd it on de beoples  
 So vine ash flossen silk,  
 Dat Hans und Schmit vere rollin locks,  
 Und de locks were ready cut ;  
 Only Breitmann hafe de liddle end,  
 Und Schmitsy dake de butt !

Den Breitemann he crack onward :  
 " If any 'lightened man  
 Will seeken in his Bibel,  
 He'll find dat a publican  
 Is a barty ash sells lager ;  
 Und das ding is ferry blain,  
 Dat a *re*-publican ish von  
 Who sells id 'gain und 'gain.

“ Now since dat I sells lager,  
     I gant agreeen mit  
 De demprance brineiples I hear  
     Distripudet to Schmit ;  
 Boot dis I dells you vairly,  
     Und no one to teseife—  
 If I were Schmit, I'd pliefen  
     Shoost vot der Schmit peliefe.

“ And to mine Sherman, liperal friends  
     I might mention in dis shpot  
 Dat I hear an oonfoundet rumor  
     Dat der Schmit peliefe in Gott ;  
 Und also dat he coes to shoorsch—  
     Mit a prayer-book for salfadion :  
 I vould not for die welt say dings  
     To hoort his repudadion.

“ Und nodin is more likely  
     Dat it all a shlander pe,  
 So also de rumor dat ven young  
     He shtoody divinidy :  
 I myself, ash a publican,  
     Moost pe a sinner by fate,  
 Und in dis sense I denounce myself  
     Ash Re-publi-candidate !

" Und dat ve may meed in gommon,  
     I declare here in dis hall—  
 Und I shveys mineself to hold to it,  
     Fotefer may pefall—  
 Dat any man who gifes me his fote—  
     Votefer his boledicks pe—  
*Shall alfays pe regartet*  
*Ash bolidigal friendt py me."*

(Dis voonderfol condescension  
     Pring down drementous applause,  
 Und dose who catch de nodion  
     Gife most derriple hooraws ;  
 Eshbecially some Amerigans  
     Ash vas shtandin near de door,  
 Und who in all deir leben long  
     Nefer heard so moosh sense pefore.)

" Dese ish de brinciples I holts,  
     And dose in vitch I run :  
 Dey ish fixed firm and immutaple  
     Ash te course of de 'ternal sun :  
 Boot if you ton't abbrove of dem—  
     Blease nodice vot I say—  
 I shall only pe too happy  
     To alder dem right afay.

" Und unto my Demogratie friendts  
     I vould very glearly shtate—  
 Since dis useless mit oop-geclearéd minds  
     To hold a long depate—  
 Dat dere's no man in de cidy  
     Dat sells besser liquor ash I,  
 Und I shtand de treadts *free-gradis*  
     Vhenefer mine friendts ish try.

" *Ad finem*—in de ende—  
     I moost mendion do you all,  
 Dat a dootzen parrels of lager bier  
     Ish a-gomin to dis hall :  
 Dere ish none of mine own barty here,  
     Boot we'll do mitout deir helfs ;  
 Und I kess, on de whole, 'twill peshoost so goot,  
     If ve trink it all ourselfs."

Soosh drementous up-loudation  
     Pefore was nefer seen,  
 Ash dey shvored dat Copitan Breitmann  
     Vas a brick-pat, and no sardine ;  
 Und dey trinked demselfs besoffen,  
     Sayin, " Hope you wird sookeceed !" —  
 De nexter theil will pe de ent  
     Of dis historisch lied.

VII.—The Author Asserts the Vast Intellectual  
Superiority of Germans to Americans.

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**D**ERE'S a liddle fact in hishdory  
Vich few hafe oonderstand—  
Dat de Deutschers are, *de jure*,  
De owners of dis land ;  
Und I brides mineself unspeakbarly  
Dat I foorst make be-knownn  
De primordial cause dat Columpus  
Vas derivet from Cologne ;

For ash his name vas Colon,  
It fisibly does shine  
Dat his elders are geboren been  
In Co-logne on der Rhein ;  
Und Colonia pein a colony,  
It sehr bemerkbar ist  
Dat Columbus in America  
Was der firster colonist.

Und ash Columbus is a tofe,  
Id is wort de drople to mark  
Dat a bidgeon foorst tiscofered land  
A-vlyin from de ark ;  
Und shtill wider—in de peginnin,  
Mitout de leastest toubt,  
A tofe vas vly ofer de wassers  
Und pring de vorldt herout.

Ash mine goot oldt teacher der Kreutzer  
 To me tid often shbèak,  
 De mythus of name rebeats idself  
 (Vich ve see in his *Symbolik*);  
 So also de name America,  
 If ve a liddle look,  
 Vas coom from de oldt King Emerich  
 In de Deutsche *Heldenbuch*.

Und id vas from dat very *Heldenbuch*—  
 How voonderful id run !—  
 Dat I shdole de “Song of Hildebrand,  
 Or der Vater und der Son,”  
 Und dishtripute it to Breitmann,  
 For a reason vitch now ish plain,  
 Dat dis Sagen-Cyclus, full-endet,  
 Pring me round to der Hans again !

Dese laws of un-endly un-wigglin  
 Ish so teep und broad und tall  
 Dat nopody boot a Deutscher  
 Have a het to versteh dem at all ;  
 Und should I write mine dinks all oud,  
 I ton't peliefe, indeed,  
 Dat I mineself vould versteh de half  
 Of dis here Breitmannslied.



Ash de Hegel say of his system,  
 Dat only von maus knew  
 Vot der teufel id meandt, und *he* could't tell;  
 Und der Jean Paul Richter too,  
 Who said, " Gott knows I meant somedings  
 When foorst dis buch I writ,  
 Boot Gott only wise vot de buch means now,  
 Vor I have vergotten it."

And all of dis be-wises  
 So blain ash de face on your nose,  
 Dat der Deutscher hafe efen more intellects,  
 Dan he himself soopose ;  
 Und his tifference mit de over-again vorldt,  
 Ash I really do soospect,  
 Ish dat oder volk hafe more *soopose*,  
 Und lesser intellect.

Yet coprightly I gonfess it—  
 Mitout ashkin vhy or vhenue—  
 Dere ish also dimes vhen Amerigaus  
 Hafe ge-shown sharp-pointed sense ;  
 Und a fery outsigned example  
 Of genius in dis line  
 Vas dishblayed in dis elegdion  
 Py Mishder Hiram Twine.

VIII.—Showing How Mr. Hiram Twine  
“Played off” on Smith.

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**V**IDE LICET : Dere vas a fillage  
Whose vode alone vouldt pe  
Apout enoof to elegdt a man,  
Und gife a mayority ;  
So de von who couldt scoop dis seddlement  
Vould make a pully hit ;  
Boot dough dey vere Deutschers, von und all,  
Dey all go von on Schmit.

Now it happenet to gome to bass  
Dat in dis liddle town  
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdin  
Dat Mishder Schmit coom down,  
His brinciples to fore-setzen  
Und his ideés to deach,  
(Dat is, fix oop de brifate pargains)  
Und telifer a pooblic sbeech.

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss,  
Ash blainly ish peen shown,  
Und vas alfays an out-findin  
Votefer might pe known ;  
Und mit some of his circums windles  
He fix de matter so  
Dat he'd pe himself at dis meetin  
And see how dings vas go.

Oh shtrangely in dis leben  
 De dings kits vorked apout !  
 Oh voonderly Fortuna  
 Makes toorn us insite out !  
 Oh sinkular de luck-wheel rolls !  
 Dis liddle meeding dere  
 Fixt Twine *ad perpendiculum*—  
 Shoost suit him to a hair !

Now it hoppenit on dis efenin  
 De Deutschers, von und all,  
 Vere avaitin mit impatience  
 De openin of de ball ;  
 Und de shates of nite vere fallin  
 Und de shdars begin to plink,  
 Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoorry,  
 For d'vas dime to dake a trink.

Dey hear some hoofs a-dramplin,  
 Und dey saw, und dinked dey knowed,  
 Der bretty greature coomin,  
 On his horse along de road ;  
 Und ash he ride town in-ward  
 De likeness vas so plain  
 Dey donnered out, " Hooray for Schmit !"  
 Enough to make it rain.

Der Twine vas shtart like plazes;  
 Boot oopshtarted too his wit,  
 Und he dinks, "Great Turnips! what if I  
 Could bass for Colonel Schmit?  
 Gaul dern my heels! *I'll do it,*  
 Und go the total swine!  
 Oh, Soap-balls! what a chance!" said dis  
 Dissembulatin Twine.

Den 'twas "Willkomm! willkomm, Mishder  
 Schmit!"

Ringsroom on efery site;  
 Und "First-rate! How dy-do yourself?"  
 Der Hiram Twine replied.  
 Dey ashk him, "Come und dake a trink?"  
 But dey find it mighdy queer  
 Ven Twine informs dem none boot hogs  
 Vould trink dat shtinkin bier;

Dat all lager vas nodings boot boison;  
 Und ash for Sherman wein,  
 He dinks it vas erfunden  
 Exshbressly for Sherman schwein;  
 Dat he himself vas a demperanceler—  
 Dat he gloria in de name;  
 Und atfise dem all, for teceney's sake,  
 To go und do de same.

Desc bemarks among de Deutsehers  
 Vere apout ash vell reccife  
 Ash a cats in a game of den-bins,  
 Ash you may of coorse peliefe :  
 De heat of de reception  
 Vent down a dootzen tegrees,  
 Und in place of hurraws dere vas only heardt  
 De rooslin of de drees.

Und so in solemn stille  
 Dey scorched him to de hall,  
 Where he maket de oradion  
 Viteh vas so moosh to blease dem all ;  
 Und dis vay he pegin it :  
 " Pefore I further go,  
 I vish dat my obinions  
 You puddin-het Dootch should know.

..Und ere I norate to you,  
 I think it only fair  
 We should oonderstand each other  
 Prezactly, chunk and square.  
 Dere are boints on which ve tisagree,  
 And I will plank de facts—  
 I don't go round slanganderin  
 My friendts pehind deir packs.

" So I beg you dake it easy  
     If on de raw I touch,  
 Vhen I say I can't apide de sound  
     Of your groontin, shi-shing Dutch.  
 Should I in the Legislatdure  
     As your slumgullion shtand,  
 I'll have a bill forbidding Dutch  
     Troo all dis 'versal land.

"Should a husband talk it to his frau,  
     To deat' he should pe led ;  
 If a mutter breat' it to her shild,  
     I'd bunch her in de head ;  
 Und I'm sure dat none vill affocate  
     Ids use in public schools,  
 Oonless dey're peastly, nashdy, prutal,  
     Sauerkraut-eatin vools.

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat,  
     Shoost make a liddle pause,  
 Und see seechs hundert gapin eyes,  
     Seechs hundert shdarin claws,  
 Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen ;  
     Von faindly dried to hiss ;  
 Und von set : " Ish it shleeps I'm treamin ?  
     Gottausend! vat ish dis ?"

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow,  
 Boot poldly went ahet:  
 "Of your oder shtinkin hobits  
 No vordt needt hier pe set.  
 Shtop goozlin bier—shtop shmokin bipes—  
 Shtop rootin in de mire;  
 Und shoost *un-Dutchify* yourselfs:  
 Dat's all dat I require."

Und *denn* dere coomed a shindy  
 Ash if de shky hat trop:  
 "Trow him mit ecks, py doonder!  
 Go shlog him on de kop!  
 Hei! Shoot him mit a powie-knifes;  
 Go for him, ganz and gar!  
 Shoost tar him mit some fedders!  
 Led's fedder him mit tar!"

Sooch a teufel's row of furie  
 Vas nefer oop-kickt before:  
 Soom roosh to on-climb de blatform—  
 Soom hoory to fasten te toor:  
 Von veller viwed his refolfer,  
 Boot de pullet missed her mark:  
 She coot de cort of de shandelier:  
 It vell, und de hall vas tark!

Oh vell was it for Hiram Twine  
 Dat nimpely he couldt shoomp;  
 Und vell dat he light on a misthauf,  
 Und nefer feel de boomp;  
 Und vell for him dat his goot cray horse  
 Shtood sattled shoost outside;  
 Und vell dat in an augenblick  
 He vas off on a teufel's ride.

Bang! bang! de sharp pistolen shots  
 Vent pipin py his car,  
 Boot he tortled oop de barrick road  
 Like any mountain deer:  
 Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins,  
 Ent dey only could be-mark  
 Von climpse of his white obercoadt,  
 Und a clotterin in de tark.

So dey all versembled togeder,  
 Ein ander to sprechen mit,  
 Und allow dat sooch a rede  
 Dey nefer exshpegd from Schmit—  
 Dat he vas a foorst-glass plackguard,  
 And so pig a Lump ash ran;  
 So, *nemine contradicente*,  
 Dey vented for Breitemann



Und 'twas annerthalb yar dereafter  
 Before der Schmit vas know  
 Vot maket dis rural fillage  
 Go pack oopon him so ;  
 Und he schvored at de Dootch more schlimmer  
 Ash Hiram Twine had tone.  
*Nota bene:* He tid it in earnesht,  
 Vhile der Hiram's vas pusiness fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heard de shdory  
 How de fillage hat peen dricked,  
 He shvore bei Leib und Leben  
 He'd rader hafe been licked  
 Dan pe helpet bei soosh shumgoolin ;  
 Und 'twas petter to pe a schwein  
 Dan a schwindlin honeyfooglin shnake.  
 Like dat lyin Yankee Twine.

Und pegot so heafy disgoosted  
 Mit de boledicks of dis land  
 Dat his friendts couldn't barely keep him  
 From trowin oop his hand, [poot ;  
 Vhen he helt shtraidt flush, mit an ace in his  
 Vich phrase ish all de same,  
 In de science of de pokerology,  
 Ash if he got de game.

So Breitmann cot elegtet,  
 Py vollowin de vay  
 Dey manage de elegdions  
 Unto dis fery day ;  
 Vitch shows de Deutsch *Dummehrllichkeit*,  
 Also de Yankee " wit :"  
 Das ist das Abenteuer  
 How Breitmann lick der Schmit







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